

FACULTY OF MUSIC UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

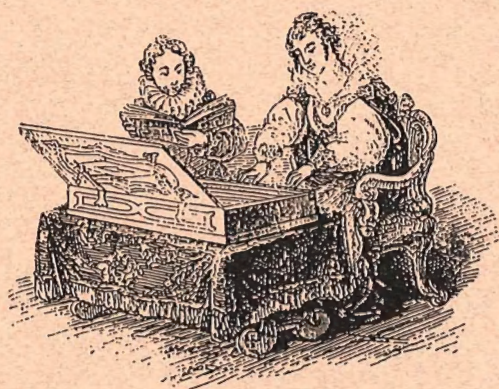
FACULTY
RECITAL SERIES

Lynn Blaser

soprano

Che Anne Loewen

piano



Friday, November 27, 1992 at 8 pm
Walter Hall

PROGRAMME

*Il fervido desiderio
Per pietà bel idol mio
Malinconia, ninfa gentile*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 - 1835)

*Romance
Le Jet d'Eau*

Claude Debussy
(1862 - 1918)

*La Vie Antérieure
Au Pays où se fait la guerre*

Henri Duparc
(1848 - 1933)

*Zigeunermelodien, Op. 55
Mein Lied ertönt
Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel
Kings ist der Wald
Als die alte Mutter
Reingestimmt die Saiten
In dem weiten, breiten
Darf des Falken Schwinge*

Antonin Dvorák
(1841 - 1904)

♦ INTERMISSION ♦

*Sieben frühe Lieder
Nacht
Schifflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage*

Alban Berg
(1885 - 1935)

*Poems of William Blake
Piping down the valleys wild
Land of Dreams*

Oskar Morawetz
(b. 1917)

Sweet chance that led my steps abroad

Michael Head
(1900 - 1976)

Now sleeps the crimson petal

Roger Quilter
(1877 - 1953)

Go not happy day

Winifred Burry
(b. ca. 1900)

TRANSLATIONS

Vincenzo Bellini

The Fervent Desire (*Il fervido desiderio*)

When will that day come when I can see the one my loving heart desires?
When shall I hold you in my arms, o lovely flame of love? My soul, when?

Mercy, my adored one! (*Per pietà bel idol mio*)

Do not say I am ungrateful. Heaven already has made me unhappy and unfortunate enough. If I am faithful and melt at your glances, Love and the gods know it and you will know it too.

Ah Melancholy, sweet nymph (*Malinconia, ninfa gentile*)

I consecrate my life to you. Who thinks your pleasures vile, does not yet know true joy. Springs and hills, those temples of the gods, at last will hear me and pagan I will live. Never will I bring desires to that fountain or mountain, but will live in sadness without hope.

Claude Debussy

Song (*Romance*)

The pervading and suffering soul, the sweet soul, the fragrant soul of the divine lilies that I gathered in the garden of your thought - where have the winds driven this adorable spirit of the lilies? Is there no longer a perfume remaining from the heavenly sweetness of the days when you enveloped me in a supernatural vapour made of hope, faithful love, blessing and peace? (Bourget)

The Fountain (*Le Jet d'Eau*)

Your lovely eyes are tired, poor lover! Rest a long time without opening them in this languid pose where pleasure has surprised you. In the courtyard, the babbling fountain - which is never silent day or night - sweetly prolongs the ecstasy into which love has plunged me tonight.

The spray of water rocking its thousand flowers through which the moon passes with its pale rays, falls like a shower of great tears.

And your soul, set ablaze by the burning lightning of sensuous delights, darts swiftly and boldly towards the vast enchanted skies. Then it overflows, dying in a flood of sad languor, which by an invisible sloping path, descends to the depths of my heart.

The spray of water rocking its thousand flowers ...

Oh you, whom night makes so beautiful, how sweet it is to lean on your breast and listen to the eternal plaint which sobs in the marble basins. Moon, sonorous water, blessed night, trees trembling all around, your pure melancholy is the

mirror of my love.

The spray of water rocking its thousand flowers ...

(Baudelaire)

Henri Duparc

The Former Life (*La Vie Antérieure*)

I dwelt for a long time under vast colonnades which the sun, reflected on the water, coloured with a thousand fires. And whose great columns, straight and majestic, resembled in the evening light great undersea caverns of lava.

The surging waves, reflecting the skies, in a solemn and mystical way blended the mighty harmonies of their rich music with the colours of the sunset reflected in my eyes.

It's there! It's there that I lived in the calm delight of the senses - surrounded by the azure skies, waves, splendours and naked slaves clothed only in fragrant oils who cooled my brow with palm fans and whose only task was to deepen the sorrowful secret that made me sadly languish. (Baudelaire)

To the country where there is war (*Au Pays où se fait la guerre*)

To the country where they are at war, my dear love has departed, and it seems to my desolate heart that I am alone on earth. On leaving his farewell kiss took my soul from my lips ... What keeps him so long, dear God? - Now the sun is setting.

And I all alone in my tower, I still await his return.

The doves on the roof are cooing amorously with a sad, charming sound; the waters flow under the big willows. I feel near to tears, my heart unfolds like a full blown lily and I dare hope no longer. - Now the pale moon is shining.

And I all alone in my tower, I still await his return.

Someone is running up the stairs ... could it be my sweet love? - It is not he, but only my little page with my lamp. Winds of evening, fly and tell him that he is my thought and my dream, all my joy and my anxiety. - Now the dawn is breaking.

And I all alone in my tower, I still await his return.

(Gauthier)

Antonin Dvorák

Gypsy Songs, Op. 55 (*Zigeunerlieder*)

1. My song of love rings out when day begins to fade and the moss secretly drinks the pearls of dew into its withered stems. My song of wanderlust rings out in green woodlands and on Pussta's wide plain, let joyful song resound. My song rings out full of love too, when storms rage over the plains, when my brother's last breath of life is drawn.

2. Aye! Aye how my triangle wonderfully rings! Gladly with such ringing can one cry out at approaching death. Songs, Dances, Love: may they live forever!

3. Around me, the wood is so silent and still, my heart beats with fear. The black smoke sinks always lower and dries my cheeks. Oh, do not dry my tears, go seek out other cheeks. They who can only sing from sorrow will not curse death.

4. When my old mother taught me songs to sing, tears often glistened on her eyelashes. Now, when I teach my children the same songs, tears trickle from my eyes onto my brown cheeks.

5. Clear voices of the violins! Boy, go dance in the ring. Rejoice today, but tomorrow? Old troubles spoil your joy. Some day, you may be far away at the heavenly table. Hear the violins! Boy, get into the dance!

6. In his wide-sleeved, filmy linen shirt, the gypsy is freer than in gold and silver. How the golden sleeve binds the heart so tightly, inhibits the free-echoing song. And whoever finds joy in singing songs, should leave vile gold to fall into hell!

7. If the wings of the falcon can soar high over Tatra, would he exchange his nest on those cliffs for a cage? If the wild colt can roam over the plains, would he find his joy in bridle and rein? Gypsy, did nature give you anything? Yes! to seek freedom always for my whole life!

Alban Berg

Seven Early Songs (Sieben frühe Lieder)

1. **Night (Nacht).** Twilight clouds over night and valley, mists hang, water whispers softly. Now the veil is lifted away - O look, look! A wide wonderland is revealed! Silver mountains tower to unreal heights, silent silver-lit paths cross the secret valleys and the noble world is dream-like pure. Silent beech trees stand dark-shadowed at the roadside, a wisp of distant smoke alone lightly drifts. And from the deepest twilight of the valley, lights twinkle in the silent night. Drink it in, my soul. Drink in the solitude. O look, look! (Hauptmann)

2. **Song among the reeds (Schilflied)** In secret woodland path, I steal away to the bleak reed bank, maiden, and think of you. When night comes to the woods, the reeds rustle secretively, and complain and whisper that I should weep.

And I think I hear the gentle sound of your voice and in the pond your sweet song echoes. (Lenau)

3. **The Nightingale** (Die Nachtigall) It seems as if the nightingale has sung all night and from the sound and echo of its sweet throat, the roses have bloomed. She used to be a wild young maiden, now she is deep in thought and walks with her summer hat in hand and suffers silently the sun's glow and knows not how she feels. It seems as if the nightingale ... (Storm)

4. **Crowned with dreams** (Traumgekrönt) It was the day of the white chrysanthemum - their light almost frightened me. And then, you came to steal my soul deep in the night. I was afraid and you came softly with love as I had dreamed you might. You came, and softly as in a fairy tale, the night was filled with magic. (Rilke)

5. **In my room** (Im Zimmer) Autumn sunshine - the evening glances within. A little red fire crackles in the stove and glows. Thus, my head on your knees, that is happiness. When my eyes rest in yours, how easily the minutes slip by. (Schlaf)

6. **Ode of Love** (Liebesode) In the arms of love, we fell blissfully asleep. The summer wind listened at the open window and carried our peaceful breath into the bright moonlight. And from the garden, the perfume of a rose timidly felt its way to our bed of love and gave us wonderful dreams of rapture so filled with longing. (Hartleben)

7. **Summer Days** (Sommertage) Now the days ride over the world sent from the blue eternity, in the summer wind the hours flee. By night the Lord weaves starry garlands with His blessed hand, hangs them over His magic land. My heart, what can your brightest song say of these days, of your deep, deep joy? The heart is silent in the meadow's song, and words fail where scene after scene moves and fulfils you! (Hohenberg)



TONIGHT'S ARTISTS

LYNN BLASER began her singing career on-stage with the Canadian Opera Company Children's Chorus in Toronto. A graduate of the Royal Conservatory and the University of Toronto Opera Department, she won numerous scholarships and prizes across Canada including the first National Competitive Festival of Music. Two awards from the Canada Council took her to Europe for extended periods of study with Tito Gobbi in Italy and with leading coaches and conductors in Austria and Germany.

She has sung leading roles with the Canadian Opera Company on tour and in Toronto and also with Opera Hamilton, Calgary Opera, Theatre New Brunswick and the Festivals of Bermuda, Guelph, Algoma and Sharon and for CBC Television.

Outside Canada, her appearances have included a concert tour of France for Jeunesses Musicales de France and Cleveland's Berea Bach Festival. She was chosen by the distinguished conductor, Margaret Hillis, for the Dame Myra Hess Concert Series in Chicago which was broadcast around the U.S. This concert included the work of several Canadian composers, as did her recitals in Paris and London for the Canadian Cultural Centre.

Forthcoming engagements include a concert with Toronto's Oriana Singers in May and The Orpheus Choir's *Missa Dei Patris* by Zelenka in next June's International Choral Festival.

Lynn Blaser is currently a member of the Faculty of Music of the University of Toronto. She will return to the Ontario Youth Choir next summer for her fourth season as their vocal coach and has a large private studio in Toronto.

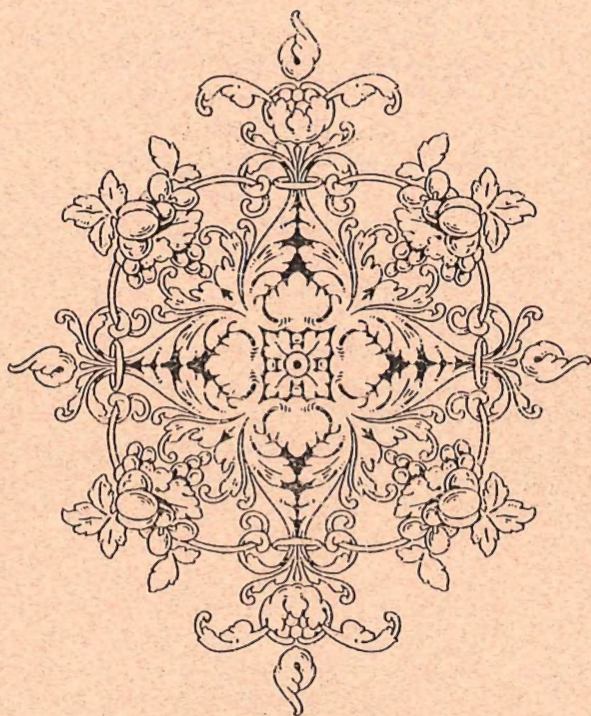
CHE ANNE LOEWEN studied piano performance in Winnipeg, Waterloo and England. Her aptitude for accompanying led her to the University of Southern California where from 1980 - 1982 she studied accompanying with Gwendolyn Koldofsky and Brooks Smith. Here she received the award for outstanding accompanist upon her graduation from the Masters programme.

She has been based in Toronto since 1982 and her professional experience includes many performances in Toronto and throughout Canada. She has performed internationally in Vienna, London, Paris and Munich.

She is equally at home partnering singers and instrumentalists, and has been heard numerous times on CBC radio.

Ms. Loewen is a member of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music where she teaches Piano/Vocal Masterclasses and Lyric Diction.





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